

[The Wager](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Theseus, worst roommate ever, does not see why leaving his dirty underwear on Zag's half of the room is a problem.

“Theseus, I want you to take your mind-bogglingly wrong assumptions and shove them so far up your ass—”

“You would want me to shove something up my ass for you, hm!”

Zagreus recoiled so violently he almost tripped over Theseus’ damn shorts.

“Augh! No! You—you... You want me to fuck you so bad it makes you look stupid!”

The Wager

Author's Note:

I was gonna wait til slut zag friday to post this but ummmm why not right now! I wrote the first half of this in the car because I couldn't be stopped, I had to do it immediately.

Zagreus wanted to die.

Alright, well, perhaps that was a little dramatic, but everything around him was collapsing into a flaming pile of absolute bullshit, so his dramatics could be excused.

Finals week had run over him like a fucking freight train, he was about to have to move back into his father's house for the summer, Meg had come to him earlier that day to say she thought maybe he wanted more from this relationship than she did and they ought to stop seeing one another, and then Theseus...

Theseus.

God, fuck, if Zagreus didn't want to die, he sure as hell wanted Theseus to vanish off the face of the earth.

"Seriously, mate, it's the last day of the semester, could you perhaps *not* leave your sweaty gym shorts on my side of the floor? At this point it's *literally* all I'm asking." Zagreus toed at the offending shorts, which were neon blue, short enough that they would barely cover Theseus' ass, and, upon further inspection, definitely still had a used jock strap tucked inside them. Eugh.

"That's not on your side," said Theseus, who was lounging on his bed in another pair of equally short shorts, these ones electric pink, his stupidly-tanned and waxed thighs gleaming in the strings of fairy lights that hung around his bed.

“Yes it is, they're right here, look.”

Theseus looked up from making duck-faces at his phone camera for a second. “Hm? No, you see, the pathway between the door and my half of the room does not count as your side. I can’t believe you still haven’t managed to understand this!”

Zagreus blew a long sigh out his nose because if he didn’t, he’d spontaneously combust from anger. “That’s not—it’s the principle of—I stepped on your dirty underwear trying to brush my teeth and it’s disgusting!”

“You’re disgusting!”

“Oh come the hell on.”

“Might I remind you that you are the one who leaves dirty dishes in the sink for days on end!”

“Okay, so maybe sometimes I forget—“

“You do it every day!”

Now, that just was not true.

“Theseus *for fuck’s sake*.” Zagreus dragged a hand through his hair and gritted his teeth. “How difficult is it to pick up your shorts—your laundry basket is right there!”

Theseus had the gall to roll his eyes, and Zagreus swore his blood pressure skyrocketed. “What crawled up your ass, you detestable piece of scum? You’re even more irritating than I’ve come to expect.”

“Nothing.”

“Oh, did your girlfriend finally realize what a hideous bastard you are?”

It was so close to the truth, it dropped the final straw onto Zagreus’ rage. “That is *not* why she broke things off, you absolute ass!” he shouted, loud

enough that his voice nearly cracked.

“Hm? So it was because you were so bad in bed, then?” Theseus was back to idly scrolling his phone. From the sideways swiping, Zagreus determined he was on a dating app, and he was either liking or disliking every profile he came across. Zag couldn’t remember which direction was which.

Zagreus actually picked up the offending shorts (jock strap included, ugh), balled them up, and pelted them as hard as he was capable of throwing them at Theseus. Someone really was out to get him when they randomly assigned him this piece of work as a roommate. “Of course I wasn’t! I’m a fantastic lay, thank you very much!”

Theseus spluttered, flailing to whip the shorts off his face. The fact that they’d hit him square in the head was moderately satisfying. The fact that he responded with, “oh come on, I’ve suffered through listening to the two of you while she’s over. If you’re satisfying her, then I’m the Dean,” was enraging enough that the satisfaction hardly mattered.

Now Zagreus was the one angrily spluttering, and he had nothing more to throw at Theseus. “I’m satisfying her *fine*, you petty little gremlin! She’s just quiet!”

“Well, you certainly aren’t the quiet one,” Theseus muttered, going back to his phone.

“And what’s that supposed to mean!?”

“It means, you moan like a little whore.” He’d set down his phone now, and was glaring up at Zagreus.

“Oh, and I’m sure you’d know about being a little whore, right?”

Theseus attempted to throw the shorts back and Zagreus ducked them. This only meant they ended up back on his side of the room. Theseus’ voice rose to a full caterwaul. “And now you make attempts on my character! You conniving monster! Don’t take things out on me just because you’re incapable of pleasuring a lover.”

As if Zagreus was the one to start this! The nerve of this man. God, Zagreus couldn't wait for next semester, when Theseus' precious roomie from last year finally came home and Zagreus could live with someone who didn't talk about how great Asterius is and leave his fucking underwear on Zag's floor 24/7. "Do you live to irritate me!?"

Theseus scoffed. "Hardly! Of course you would push your own inadequacies on me, wouldn't you?"

"Theseus, I want you to take your mind-bogglingly wrong assumptions and shove them so far up your ass—"

"*You would* want me to shove something up my ass for you, hm!"

Zagreus recoiled so violently he almost tripped over Theseus' damn shorts. "Augh! No! You—you—" he knew he was so angry his breath was coming in huffs, knew his face was bright red. "You want me to fuck you so bad it makes you look stupid!"

"Trust me, if I wanted to fuck you, you'd be well aware."

"Really? Your favorite seduction tactic isn't just leaving your underwear around the room?"

Theseus scoffed again, and once more for good measure. "I could seduce you so completely you wouldn't know what to do with your cock. Although it's possible you don't already—"

"Fucking try me, then!" Zagreus, unconsciously, had stepped across his self-enforced barrier between Theseus' side of the room and his own.

"Fine! If only because my pre-planned hookup didn't pan out." Oh, so that's what he'd been doing. Trying to find a backup. Well, Zagreus found himself alright with being a backup, if only because he wouldn't want to be the type of man who'd be Theseus' first choice.

"Fine. But we're not doing this in my bed." He didn't want all the body oil and hair oil and whatever other kind of oil Theseus wore getting all over his

sheets.

Unfortunately, this meant Zagreus had to actually get into Theseus' bed. Ugh.

It was surprisingly soft, though. Perhaps that fancy mattress cover Theseus went on about was actually doing some good.

"Do you simply plan to look agape at me all evening? I understand the compulsion, I am remarkably fascinating to look at."

Zagreus knew Theseus thought as much, given how much time he spent before the mirror every morning. "If you're trying to goad me, it's not going to work," he said, knowing full well that it would.

"You really do have some issues if this is how you do things with your girlfriend," Theseus drawled, sounding far too pleased with how frustrated he had Zag. He was still lounging back on his bed, careless as could be, and Zagreus was deliberately not looking at the apex of his spread legs.

"Just tell me what you're okay with," Zagreus ground out. "I may dislike you entirely but I'm not going to hurt you. Do you actually want me to fuck you?"

"I'm not sure how I'd measure your capability to do so otherwise," said Theseus, who alternatively could have simply dropped the whole issue and told Zagreus he didn't need to measure his capability to do anything and he was sorry he'd left his shorts on Zag's floor.

Sure, like that would ever happen.

"Fine. I'll fuck you. And if you come first, you have to admit to me that I'm actually great at sex, and you were incredibly wrong to think otherwise," Zagreus bargained.

Theseus arched one perfectly-manicured blonde eyebrow. "Fine. If you come first, you have to let me reverse our positioning and teach you a lesson on how to *really* bring your lover ecstasy."

As if the threat of having to bottom for Theseus wouldn't keep Zag a thousand years away from orgasm at all times. "Alright."

"Splendid." Theseus was digging for something under his pillow. As soon as Zagreus saw what, he recoiled.

"No. No, we are not using your stupid flavored lube."

"You don't have to put it in your mouth. The scent is enticing."

The scent was strawberry, and artificial strawberry only made Zagreus think of flavored vodka, which he only associated with the worst hangover of his life. "No, hang on, I'm getting mine."

Theseus called him a spoilsport, but he was also definitely looking at Zag's ass as he made his way back to his side of the room. Probably thinking about how he was under the impression he'd win and he'd get to fuck Zagreus. Eugh.

When Zag returned, Theseus was not wearing a shirt. Of course, Theseus, being himself, often went around shirtless, which meant Zagreus was very used to the sight of his overly-sculpted chest and the piercings through his nipples, two golden hoops which apparently matched Asterius'. Zagreus thought getting matching nipple piercings was the weirdest fucking thing he'd ever heard.

"I know you're astonished by my beauty," Theseus said, looking horridly smug, "but I actually would like to have you sometime soon."

"For fuck's sake, you pompous ass, turn over. I don't want to look at your face." Not that everything about Theseus wasn't so *Theseus* that Zag would be hard pressed to picture anybody else. He'd been considering imagining somebody he'd rather be fucking, but that'd be a disservice to Achilles. "Where are your condoms? Those had better not be flavored, too."

"I have some for boring people like yourself, yes." Oh, thank god. "But do not think that by reducing your sensation you will last any longer once you penetrate me!"

Why. Did he have to talk like that? WHY!?

“I’m just trying to make sure I don’t catch anything.”

It would have made Theseus go on a whole additional spree of affronted noises, gasp and shock and righteous fury and all, if Zagreus had not taken Theseus leaning over to rifle through the drawer beneath his bed as an opportunity to yank his shorts down.

He did not have anything on beneath them.

Zagreus was not prepared for Theseus’ bare ass like that, despite the fact that he'd been planning to, you know, fuck him. Theseus seemed deeply gratified with how deeply Zagreus flushed.

He wiggled his shorts the rest of the way down and kicked them off. Zagreus swore to god he was trying to kick them onto Zag’s side of the room.

“You’re not going to take your socks off?”

“They accentuate my calves.”

“God, you are such a bizarre person.” Zagreus figured they might as well be even, so he shucked off his t-shirt, his (much more reasonable-length) shorts, and his boxers, which he deliberately dropped right next to Theseus’ bed.

Theseus had been obligingly on all fours, but he leaned up and rubbed back against Zagreus just to rile him, and Zagreus, of course, had to admit that all that warm, bare skin against his own had him... somewhat riled. Listen. Even before Meg broke up with him, it’d been a while since they'd done anything. Finals were not only an attack on Zagreus’ sanity, but also his sex life.

Zagreus pushed him back down. “Stop it. And if you try to kiss me, I’m going to get up and leave.”

“Please tell me you’re not one of those ‘it’s not gay if we don’t kiss’ types, I really only fool around with men who have gotten past the farce of heterosexuality.” Theseus tossed his head with all possible dramatics.

“No, I’ve been bi since day one, I just absolutely despise you and I don’t want your mouth anywhere near mine,” Zagreus said, clicking open the bottle of lube.

“Oh, well that is acceptable.” Theseus shook his head. “I mean, you ought not to hate me because I am the most incredible specimen of a man your worthless eyes have ever experienced.”

“Riiiiight.”

“Do you need me to instruct you?” Theseus asked, dripping in mock sweetness.

“Just spread your legs, you insufferable bastard.”

Theseus, for once in his goddamn life, listened to Zagreus.

And alright, for as much of a clusterfuck as this was doubtless going to be, the noise Theseus made when Zagreus pushed a finger into him was deeply satisfying. It was sort of breathy and punched-out of him, and followed by him desperately attempting to stifle his next noise, which was just as delicious, honestly. Zag peeked—Theseus was already hard.

Also.

“I thought you were going to get your cock pierced, too?” He didn’t just think it—Theseus had bragged about it for weeks.

“Oh, ah, well, I very well couldn’t do such a monumental thing without Asterius!” he said, which only continued to baffle Zagreus. Listen, Zagreus had close friends, alright, but he wasn’t about to get matching anything with Thanatos. Matching t-shirts, maybe. Than wouldn’t suffer it, though.

“Are you sure you didn’t just get scared of the needle and run?” he taunted, moving a little quick in fucking Theseus on his fingers—he couldn’t give

himself enough time to remember what he was doing and become disgusted with himself.

Theseus made a muffled noise into his own arm which was either an attempt to disguise the fact that he was agreeing or the fact that he was moaning again as Zagreus inserted a second finger.

"There's really no need to fool around with that," Theseus huffed at him. "I was planning on sex tonight, of course I've already sufficiently prepared. I am nothing if not a gentleman!" So that's why he'd been in the shower for a full fucking hour, singing obnoxious pop songs the whole time. Only Theseus.

Zagreus only slowed his movements. Honestly, the more he could work Theseus up now, the more likely he was to win.

Should Zagreus perhaps have been a little concerned that he was treating sex entirely as a competition?

No, absolutely not, it was Theseus, and he deserved this.

He almost completely stilled, no longer finger-fucking Theseus, just curling his fingers slowly within him, massaging his prostate and giving him nothing else. "I mean, you could at least say 'please'."

"As *if* I would beg such a thing from a disgusting creature such as youuuagh!"

"What was that?" Zagreus asked, swallowing a laugh.

"Shut your whorish mouth."

Zagreus did, but not because Theseus demanded it. Obviously.

He had to admit, for as horrid a person as Theseus was, it was a little... enjoyable, seeing him sprawled out and needy like this. He wasn't bad-looking, either. If you were into ridiculously buff jocks who tanned way too often and waxed every part of their bodies, at least.

And there was something about seeing a huge, buff man spread out on the bed begging for his cock.

Because yeah, the longer he went for the closer Theseus' noises got to sounding like "please."

"If you want it, you've only got to say," Zagreus said, taking immense pleasure in the way Theseus' back arched.

"Will! You! Just! Fuck me!"

"Didn't hear you ask nicely, so, hm, no." He continued curling his fingers, teasing Theseus' prostate with just enough pressure and then backing off. It clearly had Theseus riled, his fists gripping the sheets. Zagreus wondered if he could get Theseus so worked up he'd tear them.

Of course, he never learned the answer to that, because before Theseus would have reached that point, he broke. "*Please*, all right, *please*, fuck me, you detestable, fiendish demon!"

"That wasn't very nice either, but I'll accept it," Zagreus said, although Theseus did not get his wish immediately because Zagreus *did* need a moment to put on a condom. So, by the time he was finished with that, Theseus was whining and calling him a fiend or a blackguard or some other archaic term of offense.

At least he was creative with his rude names, Zagreus had to give him that.

"You must live to torment me—*aaaah!*"

Zagreus really wished he could remember what Theseus had said when Zag had asked him the same, so he could throw it right back in his smug face, but the tight heat of Theseus' ass around his cock made it hard to remember anything at all. Including his goal, here, which was, he reminded himself, *not* to come.

"Actually," he said, pulling out, "I think I want you on your back. Turn over."

Theseus did so with no complaint, actually, which only further proved how desperate he was. "How is this for you?" he spat. "It had better be fine. Get back in."

"Oh, yeah, that's good," Zagreus said, gripping Theseus' legs behind his knees and fucking back into him all at once. "Just had to turn you over so I could see your face. Figured it'd keep me from coming too fast."

Theseus' affronted scoff came out a little warped because of the moan that accompanied it. "How dare you! I'm a truly incredible sight, I'll have you know!"

"Sure, whatever you say."

Currently Theseus was not much of an incredible sight, his face bright red and eyes rolling up ridiculously with every thrust. Yeah, that definitely wasn't making Zag hornier. Even if he was a little pleased with how he'd gotten Theseus to press his fingers over his mouth to muffle his cries. If only because it meant Zagreus didn't have to listen to him.

He had to focus, or he'd lose himself in the heat and the pleasure. At the very least, he seemed to be driving Theseus nuts, so it wasn't gonna be hard to finish him off.

This initial assumption proved... well, not entirely wrong, but it was more difficult than he'd imagined. Every time Theseus seemed to be getting close, he just hung on and refused to come. Zag should've known his stubbornness would extend to the bedroom.

And Zagreus, determined as he'd been that this was going to be no trouble, that Theseus couldn't possibly get him off, was finding himself frustratingly aroused by it. It was just a natural bodily reaction, he told himself. Anyone would feel this way fucking somebody who was so deeply and obviously into it, moaning and whining around his own hand over his mouth, trying desperately to keep himself on the edge.

Zagreus stroked Theseus' cock, which finally did make Theseus peel his hand away from his mouth, moaning with abject thirst before saying,

"excuse me, you monster, you can't just—ah! Oh! *You're going to make me* —"

"I'd be doing this with literally anybody else I was fucking," Zagreus said, squeezing a little harder. The head of Theseus' cock was wet, pre-come pooling onto sculpted abs. "I'm not gonna slow down just because you're too close."

"Bastard!" Theseus howled. "Fiend! How dare you!"

"How dare I *get you off?*" Zagreus laughed, a little breathy, because all Theseus' squirming was making him clench down on Zagreus' cock and *god*, that felt good. "You ought to thank me."

"Never!"

Dammit. Theseus was too stubborn and Zagreus was too close.

There was only one way to win this. Zagreus had to swallow his pride and all his disgust and *give Theseus what he wanted*. Urgh.

"Theseus," he said, taking a breath before enacting his absolutely ridiculous plan. "I'm too... too close, you look too good." He moaned a little, and it honestly wasn't *entirely* fake. Sure, it wasn't because of how Theseus looked or anything, but he felt pretty damn good.

"Hah! It is only natural you would be so... *ngh, fuck!*"

"Yeah," Zagreus panted, putting a little more drama in his next compliment. "Been trying so hard not to come but it's just... impossible. You're so gorgeous, and the way you *feel*."

Alright, now why the hell was Theseus' gratified giggling being interrupted by moaning actually getting Zagreus off? He wasn't even sure what was fake and what he really meant anymore.

"I knew victory would be mine," Theseus said, but his voice wavered. He was still right on the edge, and Zagreus was about to tip him over. But he had to let Theseus think he was safe, first.

"Nngh! Oh, *Theseus!*" He lowered his head, chin to chest, so Theseus couldn't see the deception of it in his eyes. He fucked into Theseus harder, half-afraid this really *would* make him come, but risking it anyway. "I'm—I'm coming—"

Alright, that last moan sounded amateur-porno-fake, but Theseus sure didn't seem to notice.

Theseus was busy crowing his triumph and then *screaming* his own orgasm, and Zagreus noted that he had absolutely no fucking room to complain about Zag moaning like a whore when Theseus did *this shit*.

As Zagreus had imagined, Theseus had an absolutely terrible O-face, really, his eyes bulging and the tendons on his neck standing out. But the arch of his back and the way he fucked himself back on Zagreus through it... that, Zagreus was alright with. The fact that he came so hard it hit his chest was also quite pleasant.

Theseus settled comfortably into the bed, and god, Zagreus wanted to keep fucking him, but it'd ruin his ruse too soon.

"Oh-ho, you really should not have challenged me," Theseus said, grandiose in his triumph.

Zagreus only lifted his head, grinning. "Should I?"

Theseus faltered, his mouth falling open stupidly. "I... well, of course not. You've lost. I've been victorious! Unless—of course, you actually wanted me to fuck you all along, how could I be so foolish, that must be it!"

Oh, disgusting.

"Absolutely not," Zagreus said. He reached down to hold the base of the condom still as he pulled out. "I didn't want you to fuck me for a second, believe me." He rearranged himself, stripping the condom off, and joy continued to thrum through him as he realized Theseus wasn't even *paying attention*.

Zagreus got his attention by straddling his waist.

"What!? How!"

He was, of course, referring to the fact that Zagreus was still hard.

"I'm not finished," Zagreus said.

"The terms of this contest did not include some kind of tantric—"

"No, you thick-headed *moron*, I never came." Zagreus got a hand around his cock, ready to finish himself off all over Theseus' chest.

"What! But!"

"I was *faking it*," he explained, speaking very slowly, because Theseus seemed to need it. "Can't believe you didn't notice, I'm sure it's not the first time a man's done that with you."

"*HOW DARE YOU!*" Theseus' face was reaching new shades of red. Zagreus swore he was going to burst a blood vessel.

"Face it, you've been outsmarted," Zagreus said. He couldn't stop from grinning. "And now, I deserve my prize."

"*Insolent, horrendous, despicable!*"

"No, no, you're supposed to tell me I'm good at sex." He internally praised himself for managing to sound so composed, even as he continued to touch himself. God, he couldn't wait to see Theseus' smug face twisted into this mask of self-righteous anger as Zagreus came all over his chest. The thought alone made him shiver.

"I will never!"

"You made a deal," Zagreus said. "I won, fair and square. Are you telling me you're going back on your word?"

Theseus' face crumpled, his irritation with Zagreus warring with his immense pride.

"Come on, Theseus. Tell me it was good. Tell me you liked coming on my cock."

"It was... fine." He sounded so damn petulant.

With Zagreus' free hand, he grasped Theseus' chin, one thumb on that pouty lower lip. "You can do better than that," he said.

"I didn't hate it," Theseus tried.

God, he looked so mad. Zagreus was going to come so hard. Why was this hot? "Try harder."

"It was..."

"Theseus."

"It was *good*," Theseus finally said, cracking just like he had when Zagreus finally got him to say 'please'. "It was incredible. You felt... God, I'd been needing that, and you just..." His eyes closed, as if he couldn't look at Zagreus while he admitted it. "I don't even care if I lost! Coming on your cock felt so *good*."

"Oh, yes. *Yeah*, that's it. So you *can* say pretty things, huh?"

"I've no idea how you so bewitched me!" Theseus whined.

"Gonna let me come on you?" Zagreus asked. "Really just reinforce how thoroughly I *won*?"

"**YES!**" On this admission, Theseus' eyes opened, locking with Zagreus', keeping contact with him all the way through the most confusing orgasm Zagreus had ever had.

Honestly, what the fuck.

But wow, Theseus looked good with his tits covered in Zagreus' come.

Gross.

Zagreus immediately got off of him so he didn't have to think about that any longer.

He didn't want to lie down on Theseus' bed, but it felt equally strange to head right back over to his own side of the room, so he sat on the edge of the bed, reaching out to grab the box of tissues on Theseus' desk and toss them in his direction.

"God, I'm gonna be so glad when I don't live with you next year," he sighed, stretching his arms over his head.

Theseus was quiet for longer than expected, given his general Theseus-ness. "Likewise," he said, not sounding quite as acid as usual until he added, "monster."

Author's Note:

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